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S E L E C T  
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PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

*Mr. Adgate's Pupils :*

AND PROPER FOR ALL

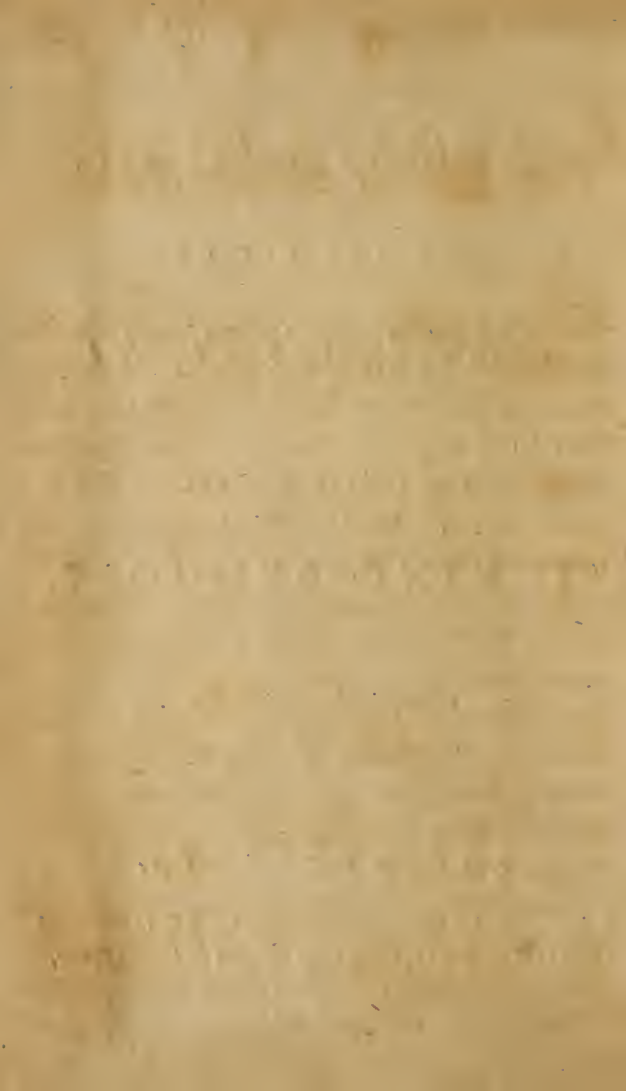
SINGING-SCHOOLS.



P H I L A D E L P H I A :

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## The Editor to the Public.

*THE disposition for cultivating Church-Music having become very general through the city, and there being in contemplation a plan for carrying it into full effect, by the establishment of an Institution for the express purpose, free to all, and without expence to the learner,—it has been thought under these circumstances, that a summary of the Psalms and Hymns, in general use, comprehending the different metres,—if not essentially requisite, would, at least, be exceedingly convenient for singing societies of every description: correspondent to this idea, the following collection has been made, and is now published.*

*In reflecting upon the nature, importance, and pleasure resulting from an improved state of Church-Music, every lover of this branch*

*branch of knowledge, must be pleased with the sentiments of the ingenious and philosophic Mr. HARRISON of London, on the subject.*

“ *The SONG OF PRAISE is an act of devotion, so becoming, delightful, and excellent, that we find it coeval with the sense of Deity, authorised by the example of all nations, and universally received into the solemnities of public worship. Under the Jewish Dispensation the Holy Spirit of God directed to this expression of homage as peculiarly becoming the place where his honour dwelleth. The book of Psalms, as the name itself imports, was adapted to the voice of song. And the authors of those invaluable odes well knew the sweetness, dignity and animation that were hereby added to the sacred service of the temple. With what rapture do they describe its effects, with what fervour do they call upon their fellow-worshippers to join in this delightful duty: It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and*



to sing praises unto thy name, O thou Most High. Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant, and praise is comely. O sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord all the earth: sing unto the Lord; bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day. *Nor hath Christianity dispensed with religious song as an unmeaning ceremony, or an unprofitable sacrifice. It commands us to address the Father in spirit and in truth; but it nevertheless enjoins those outward acknowledgements that fitly express and cherish the pious temper. Our blessed Lord was pleased to consecrate this act of worship by his own example, under circumstances the most affecting. He concluded the celebration of that supper which was the memorial of his dying love, by an hymn of praise. And his apostles frequently exhort to the observance of this duty. Let the word of God dwell in you richly in all wisdom: teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs;*

singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord.

*DIVINE SONG is undoubtedly the language of nature. It originates from our frame and constitution. Do lofty contemplation, elevated joy, and fervour of affection, give beauty and dignity to language, and associate with the charms of POETRY, by a kindred law which the Creator hath established, they pleasingly unite with strains of sweet and solemn HARMONY. And there are two principal views in which Music will appear to render eminent service to the sacrifice of praise.*

*In the FIRST place it suitably EXPRESSES the sentiments of Devotion, and the sublime delight which religion is fitted to inspire. JOY is the natural effect of praise, and SONG the proper accompaniment of joy. Is any merry or glad, let him sing psalms. And singing is not only a general indication of delight, but expressive also of the prevailing sentiments and passions of the mind. It can accommodate itself to the various modificati-*

ons of love and joy, the essence of a devotional temper. It hath lofty strains for the sublimity of admiration, plaintive accents which become the tear of penitence and sorrow, it can adopt the humble plea of supplication, or swell in the bolder notes of thanksgiving and triumph. Yet it hath been properly remarked, that the influence of song reaches only to the amiable and pleasing affections, and that it hath no expression for malignant and tormenting passions. The sorrow therefore to which it is attuned, should be mingled with hope, the penitence which it expresses cheered with the sense of pardon; and the mournful scenes on which it sometimes dwells irradiated with the glorious views and consolations of the gospel.

In the SECOND place, music not only decently expresses, but powerfully EXCITES and IMPROVES the devout affections. It is the prerogative of this noble art to cheer and invigorate the mind, to still the tumultuous passions, to calm the troubled thoughts, and to fix the wandering attention. And hereby she happily

*happily composes and prepares the heart for the exercises of public worship. But she farther boasts a wonderful efficacy in leading to that peculiar temper which becomes the subject of praise, and is favourable to religious impression. She can strike the mind with solemnity and awe, or melt with tenderness and love; can animate with hope and gladness, or call forth the sensations of devout and affectionate sorrow. Even separate and unconnected, she can influence the various passions and movements of the soul. But she naturally seeks an alliance, and must be joined with becoming sentiments and language in order to produce her full and proper effect. And never is her energy so conspicuous and delightful as when consecrated to the service of religion, and employed in the courts of the living God. Here she displays her noblest use and her brightest glory. Here alone she meets with themes that fill the capacity of an immortal mind, and claim its noblest powers and affections. What voice of song so honourable, so elevating and delightful?*

*To*

*To whom shall the breath ascend in melodious accents, if not to him who first inspired it? Where shall admiration take her loftiest flights, but to the throne of the everlasting Jehovah? Or what shall awake our glory and kindle our warmest gratitude, if not the remembrance of his daily mercies, and the praises of redeeming love? When the union of the heart and voice is thus happily arranged; when sublime subjects of praise are accompanied with expressive harmony, and the pleasures of genuine devotion heightened by the charms of singing, we participate of the most pure, rational, noble, and exquisite enjoyments that human nature is capable of receiving. The soul forgets her confinement with the body, is elevated beyond the cares and tumults of this mortal state, and seems for a while transported to the blissful regions of perfect love and joy. And it is worthy of remark, that the sacred writings delight to represent the heavenly felicity under this image. And though such language is allowed to be figurative, though eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the*

*heart*

heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for them that love him, yet *our most natural, our most just conception of the happiness of the heavenly world, is that which we have been describing, viz. sublime devotion accompanied with rapturous delight.*

*But besides the more immediate propriety and use of Divine Song in the ordinances of religion, its indirect advantages have a claim to our regard. It is not only in itself delightful and profitable, but it gives animation to the other parts of public worship. It relieves the attention, recruits the exhausted spirits, and begets a happy composure and tranquility. It is peculiarly agreeable as a social act, and that in which every person may be employed. Nor is it the least of its benefits, that it associates pleasing ideas with divine worship, and makes us glad when we go into the house of the Lord. It is also a bond of union in religious societies, promotes the regular attendance of their members, and seldom fails of adding to their numbers. The early Christians found their account in a remarkable attachment*



ment to psalmody, and almost every rising sect have availed themselves of its important delights and advantages. It must be confessed, that where pleasure is the sole attraction, the motive is of an inferior nature. But is it not a commendable policy to promote regular attendance upon places of worship, by any means that are not reprehensible? Will not the most beneficial consequences probably ensue? Is there not every reason to expect that persons who frequent the house of God with this view alone, will not be uninterested in the other services of religion.—That they who come to sing may learn to pray, that they whose only wish was to be entertained may find themselves instructed and improved.

Such is the happy tendency of well-regulated song in the house of God. But alas! how seldom is this part of the service accompanied with its proper effect. It was the remark of an eminent writer, too applicable to the present time, that “the worship in which we should most resemble the inhabitants of Heaven, is the worst performed upon earth.”

earth.” *His pious labours have greatly enriched the matter of song, and hereby contributed to remove one cause of this complaint, but in the manner there still remains a miserable defect. Too often does a disgraceful silence prevail to the utter neglect of this duty. Too often are dissonance and discord substituted for the charms of melody and harmony; and the singing performed in a way so slovenly and indecent, that as the same writer observes, “instead of elevating our devotions to the most divine and delightful sensations, it awakens our regret, and touches all the springs of uneasiness within us.”*

*But is this owing to causes that cannot be removed, or doth it not imply reproach and blame? Will not truth oblige us to confess, that the fault rests not in the want of natural taste and abilities nor of sufficient leisure, but in gross carelessness and neglect? Moderate attention and application would surmount every difficulty, and lead to a suitable proficiency in this happy art. An exercise so pleasing and attractive seems only to want regulation and method.”*



# INTRODUCTORY VERSES.

*On the Divine Use of Music.*

I.

**W**E sing to thee, whose wisdom form'd  
The curious organs of the ear;  
And thou who gav'st us voices, Lord,  
Our grateful songs in kindness hear.

II.

We'll joy in God who is the spring  
Of sacred joy and heav'nly mirth;  
Whose boundless love is fitly call'd,  
“The harmony of heav'n and earth.”

III.

These praises, dearest Lord, aloud,  
Our humblest sonnets shall rehearse,  
Which rightly tun'd, are rightly stil'd,  
“The music of the universe.”

IV.

We'll hallow pleasures, and restrain  
From vulgar use our precious voice;  
These lips which wantonly have sung,  
Shall serve our turn for nobler joys.

B

V.

## V.

And that we may prepared be,  
 To join the heavenly choir above,  
 While here below we'll learn to sing  
 The wonders of redeeming love.

## PAUSE.

## VI.

Musick religious thoughts inspires,  
 And kindles in us pure desires;  
 Gives pleasure to a well-tun'd mind,  
 The most exalted and refin'd.

## VII.

Musick the coldest heart can warm,  
 The hardest melt the fiercest charm;  
 Disarm the savage of his rage,  
 Dispel our cares, and pains assuage:

## VIII.

With joy it can our souls inspire,  
 And tune our tempers to the lyre;  
 Our passions like the notes agree,  
 And stand subdu'd by harmony.

S E L E C T  
P S A L M S   A N D   H Y M N S.

---

L O N G   M E T R E S.

I.

*Praise to God.*

I.

**B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy:  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and he destroy.

II.

His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;  
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.

III.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise,  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

IV.

Wide as the world is thy command;  
Vast as eternity thy love;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

## II.

*For the Beginning of the Year.*

## I.

**E**TERNAL source of ev'ry joy,  
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
 While in thy temple we appear ;  
 Thy goodness crowns the circling year.

## II.

Wide as the earth and planets roll,  
 Thy hand supports and cheers the whole :  
 By thee the sun is taught to rise,  
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

## III.

The flow'ry spring at thy command,  
 Embalms the air and paints the land ;  
 The summer-rays with vigour shine,  
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

## IV.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
 Demand successive hymns of praise :  
 Still be the cheerful homage paid,  
 With morning light and ev'ning shade.

## V.

O may our more harmonious tongues,  
 In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;  
 And in those brighter courts adore,  
 Where days and years revolve no more.

III:

## III.

*Praise to God from all Nations.*

## I.

**F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's power arise :  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

## II.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;  
Eternal truths attend thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## IV.

*Sun, Moon, and Stars, praise ye the Lord.*

## I.

**F**AIREST of all the lights above,  
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,  
And with unweary'd swiftness move,  
To form the circles of our years ;

## II.

Praise the Creator of the skies,  
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays :  
Or may the sun forget to rise,  
If he forget his Maker's praise.

## III.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,  
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,  
Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light,  
Are softer rivals of the noon ;

## IV.

Arise, and to that Sov'reign power  
Waxing and waining honours pay,  
Who bid thee rule the dusky hour,  
And half supply the absent day.

## V.

Ye twinkling stars who gild the skies,  
When darkness has its curtains drawn,  
Who keep your watch with wakeful eyes,  
When business, cares, and day are gone ;

## VI.

Proclaim the glories of your Lord,  
Dispers'd through all the heav'nly street,  
Whose boundless treasures can afford,  
So rich a pavement for his feet.

## VII.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, supremely bright,  
Fair palace of the court divine,  
Where, with inimitable light,  
The Godhead condescends to shine ;

## VIII.

Praise thou thy great Inhabitant,  
Who scatters lovely beams of grace

On every angel, every saint ;  
Nor veils the lustre of his face.

## IX.

O God of glory, God of love,  
Thou art the sun that makes our days :  
With all thy shining works above,  
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

## V.

*God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, and Redemption.*

## I.

**G**IVE to our God immortal praise !  
Mercy and truth are all his ways :  
“ Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
“ Repeat his mercies in your song.

## II.

Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown :  
“ His mercies ever shall endure,  
“ When lords and kings are known no more.

## III.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fix'd the starry heights on high :  
“ Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
“ Repeat his mercies in your song.

## IV.

He fills the sun with morning light,  
He bids the moon direct the night ;

“ His

“ His mercies ever shall endure,  
 “ When suns and moons shall shine no more.

## V.

The Jews he freed from Pharoah's hand,  
 And brought them to the promis'd land :  
 “ Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
 “ Repeat his mercies in your song.

## VI.

He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,  
 And felt his pity work within :  
 “ His mercies ever shall endure,  
 “ When death and sin shall reign no more.

## VII.

He sent his Son with pow'r to save  
 From guilt and darkness and the grave :  
 “ Wonders of grace to God belong :  
 “ Repeat his mercies in your song.

## VIII.

Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,  
 And leads us to his heav'nly seat :  
 “ His mercies ever shall endure,  
 “ When this vain world shall be no more.

## VI.

*The all-seeing God.*

## I.

**L**ORD thou hast search'd and seen me thro',  
 Thine eye commands with piercing view;  
 My



My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

## II.

My thoughts before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

## III.

Within thy circling power I stand  
On ev'ry side I find thy hand;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.

## IV.

Amazing knowledge! vast and great!  
What large extent! what lofty height!  
My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

## V.

“ O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
“ Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
“ Nor let my weaker passions dare  
“ Consent to sin for God is there.

## PAUSE I.

## VI.

Could I so false, so faithless prove,  
To quit thy service and thy love,  
Where, Lord, could I thy service shun?  
Or from thy dread ful glory run?

## VII.

## VII.

If up to heav'n I take my flight,  
 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;  
 Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,  
 And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

## VIII.

If mounted on a morning ray,  
 I fly beyond the western sea;  
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
 And there arrest thy fugitive.

## IX.

Or should I try to shun thy sight,  
 Beneath the spreading veil of night,  
 One glance of thine, one piercing ray,  
 Would kindle darkness into day.

## X.

“ O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
 “ Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
 “ Nor let my weaker passions dare  
 “ Consent to sin, for God is there.

## PAUSE II.

## XI.

The veil of night is no disguise,  
 No screen from thy all-searching eyes:  
 Thy hand can search thy foes as soon  
 Thro' midnight shades, as blazing noon.

## XII.

## XII.

Midnight and noon in this agree,  
 Great God, they're both alike to thee :  
 Not death can hide what God will spy,  
 And hell lies naked to his eye.

## XIII.

“ O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
 “ Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !  
 “ Nor let my weaker passions dare  
 “ Consent to sin, for God is there.

## VII:

*The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.*

## I.

**M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise :  
 When cloth'd in his celestial rays  
 He in full majesty appears  
 And, like a robe, his glory wears.

*Note, This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the Old 112th,  
 or 127th Psalm, by adding these lines to every stanza, viz.*

Great is the Lord ; what tongue can frame  
 An equal honour to his name ?

*Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th Psalm.*

## II.

The heav'ns are for his curtains spread,  
 Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed :  
 Clouds are his chariot when he flies  
 On winged storms across the skies.

## III.

## III.

Angels, whom his own breath inspires,  
His ministers are flaming fires :  
And swift as thought their armies move  
To bear his vengeance or his love.

## IV.

The world's foundations by his hand  
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand ;  
He binds the ocean in his chain,  
Lest it should drown the earth again.

## V.

When earth was cover'd with the flood,  
Which high above the mountains stood,  
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,  
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

## VI.

The swelling billows know their bound,  
And in their channels walk their round :  
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,  
They spring on hills and drench the plains.

## VII.

He bids the chrystal fountains flow,  
And chear the vallies as they go ;  
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,  
And for the stream wild asses bray.

## VIII.

From pleasant trees which shade the brink,  
The lark and linnet light to drink ;

Their

Their songs the lark and linnet raise,  
And chide our silence in his praise.

## PAUSE I.

## IX.

God, from his cloudy cistern, pours  
On the parch'd earth enriching show'rs :  
The grove, the garden, and the field,  
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

## X.

He makes the grassy food arise,  
And gives the cattle large supplies:  
With herbs for man of various pow'r,  
To nourish nature or to cure.

## XI.

What noble fruit the vines produce !  
The olive yields a shining juice ;  
Our hearts are chear'd with gen'rous wine,  
With inward joy our faces shine.

## XII.

O blest his name, ye people, fed  
With nature's chief supporter, bread :  
While bread your vital strength imparts,  
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

## PAUSE II.

## XIII.

Behold the stately cedar stands,  
Rais'd in the forest by his hands ;

Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,  
And build their nests secure on high.

## XIV.

To craggy hills ascends the goat ;  
And at the airy mountains foot  
The feeble creatures make their cell :  
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

## XV.

He sets the sun his circling race ;  
Appoints the moon to change her face :  
And when thick darkness veils the day,  
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

## XVI.

Fierce lions lead their young abroad,  
And, roaring, ask their meat from God ;  
But when the morning beams arise,  
The savage beast to covert flies.

## XVII.

Then man to daily labour goes ;  
The night was made for his repose ;  
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief  
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

## XVIII.

How strange thy works ! how great thy skill !  
And ev'ry land thy riches fill ;  
Thy wisdom round the world we see,  
This spacious earth is full of thee.

## XIX.

Nor less thy glories in the deep,  
Where fish in millions swim and creep,  
With wond'rous motions, swift or slow,  
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

## XX.

There ships divide their wat'ry way,  
And flocks of scaly monsters play ;  
There dwells the huge leviathan,  
And foams and sports in spite of man:

## PAUSE III.

## XXI.

Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,  
All nature rests upon thy word ;  
And the whole race of creatures stands,  
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

## XXII.

While each receives his diff'rent food,  
Their chearful looks pronounce it good :  
Eagles, and bears, and whales, and worms  
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.

## XXIII.

But when thy face is hid they mourn,  
And dying to their dust return ;  
Both man and beast their souls resign :  
Life, breath, and spirit, all is thine.

## XXIV.



## XXIV.

Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,  
And fill the world with beasts and men ;  
A word of thy creating breath  
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

## XXV.

His works, the wonders of his might,  
Are honour'd with his own delight :  
How awful are his glorious ways !  
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

## XXVI.

The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,  
And at thy touch the mountains smoke ;  
Yet humble souls may see thy face,  
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.

## XXVII.

In thee my hopes and wishes meet,  
And make my meditations sweet ;  
Thy praises shall my breath employ,  
Till it expire in endless joy.

## XXVIII.

While haughty sinners die accurst,  
Their glory bury'd with their dust,  
I to my God, my heav'nly King,  
Immortal hallelujahs sing.



## VIII.

*A new Song for Morning and Evening.*

I.

**M**Y God, how endless is thy love !  
 Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new :  
 And morning-mercies from above,  
 Gently distil like morning dew.

II.

Thou spread'st thy curtains of the night,  
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
 And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

III.

I yield my pow'rs to thy command,  
 To thee I consecrate my days :  
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

## IX.

*Praise to God for his greatness.*

I.

**O** Come, loud anthems let us sing,  
 Loud thanks to our almighty King ;  
 For we our voices high should raise,  
 When our salvation's Rock we praise.

II.

Into his presence let us haste,  
 To thank him for his favours past.

To him address in joyful songs,  
The praise that to his name belongs.

## III.

For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,  
Is, with unrival'd glory, great;  
A king superior far to all,  
Whom by his title God we call,

## IV.

The depths of earth are in his hand,  
Her secret wealth at his command;  
The strength of hills that threat the skies,  
Subjected to his empire lies.

## V.

The rolling ocean's vast abyss  
By the same sov'reign right is his;  
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty hand,  
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.

## VI.

O let us to his courts repair,  
And bow with admiration there:  
Down on our knees devoutly all  
Before the Lord our maker fall.

## X.

*The God of Thunder.*

## I.

**O** The immense, the amazing height,  
The boundless grandeur of our God,  
Who

Who treads the world beneath his feet,  
And sways the nations with his nod.

## II.

He speaks: and lo, all nature shakes,  
Heav'n's everlasting pillars bow;  
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,  
And shouts his fiery arrows through.

## III.

Well, let the nations start and fly  
At the blue lightnings horrid glare;  
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,  
When flame and noise torment the air.

## IV.

Let noise and flame confound the skies,  
And drown the spacious realms below;  
Yet we will sing the Thunderer's praise,  
And send our loud Hosannas through.

## V.

Celestial King, thy blazing power,  
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,  
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,  
And echo to our father's voice.

## VI.

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,  
And light'nings round his chariot play:  
Ye light'nings fly to make him room;  
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.

## XI.

*A Penitent pleading for Pardon.*

## I.

**S**HEW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,  
Let a repenting rebel live;  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?

## II.

My crimes are great, but not surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace:  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

## III.

O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean:  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain mine eyes.

## IV.

My lips with shame my sins confess  
Against thy law, against thy grace;  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

## V.

Should sudden veng'ance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce thee just in death:  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.

## VI.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

## XII.

*On the Glory of God in the starry Heavens.*

## I.

THE spacious firmament on high  
With all the blue etherial sky  
And spangled heav'ns a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

## II.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's pow'r display,  
And publishes to every land,  
The work of an almighty hand.

## III.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale ;  
And nightly to the list'ning earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth :

## IV.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

## V.

## V.

What though in solemn silence all,  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

## VI.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

## XIII.

*The Reward of the liberal and charitable Man.*

## I.

**T**HE soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,  
Shines brightest in affliction's night:  
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,  
As well as just to all mankind.

## II.

His lib'ral favours he extends,  
To some he gives, to others lends;  
Yet, what his charity impairs,  
He saves by prudence in affairs.

## III.

His house, the seat of wealth shall be  
An inexhausted treasury;  
His goodness, free from all decay,  
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

## IV.

## IV.

His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,  
 His glory's future harvest sow'd;  
 Whence he shall reap joy, peace, renown,  
 A temp'ral and eternal crown.

## XIV.

*Man mortal and God eternal.*

[A mournful Song at a Funeral.]

**T**HRO' ev'ry age, eternal God,  
 Thou art our rest, our safe abode:  
 High was thy throne e'er heav'n was made,  
 Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

## II.

Long hadst thou reign'd e'er time began,  
 Or dust was fashion'd to a man:  
 And long thy kingdom shall endure,  
 When earth and time shall be no more.

## III.

But man, weak man, is born to die,  
 Made up of guilt and vanity:  
 Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,  
 "Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

## IV.

[A thousand of our years amount,  
 Scarce to a day in thine account;  
 Like yesterday's departing light,  
 Or the last watch of ending night.]

PAUSE



PAUSE.

V.

[Death, like an over-flowing stream,  
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;  
An empty tale ; a morning flow'r  
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

VI.

[Our age to seventy years is set ;  
How short the term ! how frail the state !  
And if to eighty we arrive,  
We rather sigh and groan than live.]

VII.

But, O how oft thy wrath appears,  
And cuts off our expected years !  
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread ;  
We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.]

VIII.

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man ;  
And kindly lengthen out our span,  
Till a wise care of piety  
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

XV.

*God supreme and self-sufficient.*

I.

**W**HAT is our God, or what his name,  
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach ;  
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,  
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.  
They



## II.

The spacious worlds of heav'nly light,  
Compar'd with him, how short they fall!  
They are too dark, and he too bright,  
Nothing are they, and God is all.

## III.

He spoke the wond'rous word, and lo!  
Creation arose at his command:  
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,  
Bound in the hollow of his hand,

## IV.

There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,  
There nature leans, and feels her prop:  
But his own self-sufficiency bears  
The weight of his own glories up.

## V.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,  
Measuring their changes by the moon:  
No ebb his sea of glory knows:  
His age is one eternal noon.

## VI.

Then fly, my song, an endless round,  
The lofty tune let Michael raise;  
All nature dwell upon the sound,  
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

## S H O R T M E T R E S.

## XVI.

*Remember your Creator, &c. Eccles.*

## I.

**C**HILDREN to your creator God,  
 Your early honors pay,  
 While vanity and youthful blood  
 Would tempt your thoughts astray.

## II.

The memory of his mighty name,  
 Demands your first regard;  
 Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,  
 'Till you have lov'd the Lord.

## III.

Be wise, and make his favour sure,  
 Before the mournful days,  
 When youth and mirth are known no more,  
 And life and strength decays.

## IV.

No more the blessings of a feast  
 Shall relish on the tongue.  
 The heavy ear forgets the taste  
 And pleasure of a song.

## V.

Old age with all her dismal train,  
 Invades your golden years  
 With sighs and groans, and raging pain,  
 And death that never spares.

## VI.

What will you do when light departs,  
And leaves your withering eyes,  
Without one beam to cheer your hearts,  
From the superior skies?

## VII.

How will you meet God's frowning brow,  
Or stand before his seat,  
While nature's old supporters bow,  
Nor bear their tott'ring weight?

## VIII.

Can you expect your feeble arms  
Shall make a strong defence,  
When death with terrible alarms,  
Summons the pris'ner hence?

## IX.

The silver bands of nature burst;  
And let the building fall;  
The flesh goes down to mix with dust,  
Its vile original.

## X.

Laden with guilt, (a heavy load)  
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,  
The soul returns t' an angry God,  
To be shut out from heav'n.

## XVII.

## XVII.

*A Funeral Thought.*

I.

**H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,  
 My ears attend the cry,  
 "Ye living men come view the ground  
 "Where you must shortly lie.

II.

"Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
 "In spite of all your tow'rs;  
 "The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head  
 "Must lie as low as ours."

III.

Great God! is this our certain doom?  
 And are we still secure!  
 Still walking downward to our tomb,  
 And yet prepare no more!

IV.

Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace  
 To fit our souls to fly;  
 Then when we drop this dying flesh,  
 We'll rise above the sky.

## XVIII.

*A general Song of Praise to God.*

I.

**H**OW glorious is our heavenly King,  
 Who reigns above the sky?

How

How shall a child presume to sing  
His dreadful Majesty?

II.

How great his pow'r is none can tell,  
Nor think how large his grace;  
Not men below, nor saints that dwell  
On high before his face.

III.

Not angels that stand round the Lord,  
Can search his secret will;  
But they perform his heav'nly word,  
And sing his praises still.

IV.

Then let me join this holy train,  
And my first off'rings bring;  
Th' eternal God will not disdain  
To hear an infant sing.

V.

My heart resolves; my tongue obeys,  
And angels shall rejoice  
To hear their mighty Maker's praise  
Sung from a feeble voice.

XIX.

*The Just called to praise God.*

I.

**L**ET all the just to God with joy  
Their chearful voices raise;

For well the righteous it becomes  
To sing glad songs of praise.

## II.

Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes  
In joyful concert meet ;  
And new made songs of loud applause  
The harmony complete.

## III.

For faithful is the word of God,  
His works with truth abound ;  
He justice loves, and all the earth  
Is with his goodness crown'd.

## IV.

By his Almighty word at first  
Heaven's glorious arch was rear'd,  
And all the beauteous hosts of light  
At his command appear'd.

## V.

The swelling floods together roll'd  
He makes in heaps to lie ;  
And lays, as in a storehouse, safe,  
The wat'ry treasures by.

## VI.

Let earth and all that dwell therein  
Before him trembling stand ;  
For when he spake the word, 'twas made,  
'Twas fix'd at his command.

## VII.

## Vll.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees  
Shall stand for ever sure;  
The settled purpose of his heart  
To ages shall endure.

## XX.

*God our Shepherd.*

## I.

**M**Y shepherd will supply my need,  
Jehovah is his name;  
In pastures fresh he makes me feed  
Beside the living stream.

## II.

He brings my wand'ring spirit back  
When I forsake his ways;  
And leads me for his mercy's sake  
In paths of truth and grace.

## III.

When I walk through the paths of death,  
Thy presence is my stay,  
A word of thy supporting breath  
Drives all my fears away.

## IV.

Thy hand in fight of all my foes  
Doth still my table spread,  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
Thine oil anoints my head.

## V.



## V.

The sure provisions of my God  
 Attend me all my days ;  
 O may thy house be mine abode,  
 And all my work be praise !

## VI.

There would I find a settled rest,  
 (While others go and come)  
 No more a stranger or a guest,  
 But like a child at home..

## XXI.

*The Nativity of Christ:*

## I.

“ **S**HEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,  
 “ And send your fears away ;  
 “ News from the region of the skies,  
 “ Salvation’s born to day.

## II.

“ Jesus, the God whom angels fear,  
 “ Comes down to dwell with you ;  
 “ To day he makes his entry here,  
 “ But not as monarchs do.

## III.

“ No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,  
 “ Nor royal shining things ;  
 “ A manger for his cradle stands,  
 “ And holds the King of kings.

## IV.

## IV.

“ Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,  
“ And see his humble throne ;  
“ With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
“ Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.”

## V.

Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around  
The heavenly armies throng;  
They tune their harps to lofty sound,  
And thus conclude the song :

## VI.

“ Glory to God that reigns above,  
“ Let peace surround the earth :  
“ Mortals shall know their Maker's love,  
“ At their Redeemer's birth.”

## VII.

Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,  
And men no tunes to raise !  
O may we lose these useless tongues  
When they forget to praise !

## VIII.

Glory to God that reigns above,  
That pitied us forlorn :  
We join to sing our Maker's love,  
For there's a Saviour born.

## XXII:

*Frail life, and succeeding Eternity.*

I.

**T**HEE, we adore, eternal name,  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms are we!

II.

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As months and days increase;  
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the number less.

III.

The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're trav'ling to the grave.

IV.

Dangers stand thick through all the ground  
To push us to the tomb;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.

V.

Good God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things!  
Th' eternal states of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings.

## VI.

Infinite joy, or endless wo,  
 Attends on ev'ry breath;  
 And yet how unconcern'd we go  
 Upon the brink of death!

## VII.

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
 To walk this dang'rous road;  
 And if our souls are hurry'd hence,  
 May they be found with God.

## XXIII.

*Thanksgiving to God for his Mercies.*

## I.

**T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,  
 In trouble and in joy,  
 The praises of my God shall still  
 My heart and tongue employ.

## II.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,  
 Till all that are distressed,  
 From my example comfort take,  
 And charm their griefs to rest.

## III.

O! magnify the Lord with me;  
 With me exalt his name,  
 When in distress to him I call'd,  
 He to my rescue came.

## IV.

## IV.

Their dropping hearts were soon refresh'd,  
Who look'd to him for aid;  
Desir'd success in ev'ry face  
A chearful air display'd.

## V.

“ Behold, say they, behold the man  
“ Whom Providence reliev'd ;  
“ So dang'rously with foes beset,  
“ So wond'rously retriev'd !”

## VI.

The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just ;  
Deliv'rance he affords to all  
Who on his succour trust.

## VII.

O ! make but trial of his love,  
Experience will decide,  
How blest they are, and only they,  
Who in his trust confide.

## VIII.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear ;  
Make you his service your delight,  
He'll make your wants his care.

## XXIV.

*The Vanity of Man as Mortal.*

I.

TEACH me the measure of my days,  
Thou Maker of my frame ;  
I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.

II.

A span is all that we can boast,  
An inch or two of time ;  
Man is but vanity and dust  
In all his flow'r and prime.

III.

See the vain race of mortals move  
Like shadows o'er the plain ;  
They rage and strive, desire and love,  
But all the noise is vain.

IV.

Some walk in honour's gaudy show,  
Some dig for golden ore ;  
They toil for heirs they know not who,  
And straight are seen no more.

V.

What should I wish or wait for then  
From creatures, earth and dust,  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.

E

VI.

## VI.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
 My fond desires recal!  
 I give my mortal int'rest up,  
 And make my God my all.

## XXV.

*The Song of Angels. Luke ii.*

## I.

**W**Hile shepherds watch'd their flocks by  
 All seated on the ground, [night,  
 The angel of the Lord came down,  
 And glory shone around.

## II.

“ Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread  
 had seiz'd their troubled mind ;)  
 “ Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
 “ To you and all mankind.

## III.

“ To you in David's town this day  
 “ Is born of David's line,  
 “ The Saviour who is Christ the Lord ;  
 “ And this shall be the sign :

## IV.

“ The heav'nly babe, you there shall find  
 “ To human view display'd,  
 “ All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
 “ And in a manger laid.”



## V.

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
 Appear'd a shining throng  
 Of angels, praising God, who thus  
 Address'd their joyful song :

## VI.

“ All glory be to God on high,  
 “ And to the earth be peace ;  
 “ Good-will, henceforth, from heav'n to men.  
 “ Begin and never cease.

## XXVI.

*The Song of Men, responsive to the Song of Angels.*

## I.

**W**HILE angels thus, O Lord! rejoice,  
 Shall men no anthem raise?  
 O may we lose these useless tongues,  
 When we forget to praise!

## II.

Then let us swell responsive notes,  
 And join the heav'nly throng ;  
 For angels no such love have known  
 As we, to wake their song!

## III.

Good-will to sinful dust is shewn,  
 And peace on earth is giv'n ;  
 For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,  
 With news of joy from heav'n!

## IV.

## IV.

Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,  
 His rising beams adorn !  
 Let heav'n and earth in concert sing,  
 " The promis'd child is born ! "

## V.

Glory to God, in highest strains,  
 By highest worlds is paid !  
 Be glory, then, by us proclaim'd,  
 And by our lives display'd ;

## VI.

Till we attain those blissful realms,  
 Where now our Saviour reigns ;  
 To rival the celestial choirs  
 In their immortal strains !

## S H O R T M E T R E S.

## XXVII.

## I.

**B**LEST are the sons of peace,  
 Whose hearts and hopes are one,  
 Whose kind designs to serve and please  
 Through all their actions run.

## II.

Blest is the pious house  
 Where zeal and friendship meet,  
 Their

Their songs of praise, their mingled vows  
Make their communion sweet,

## III.

Thus when on Aaron's head  
They pour'd the rich perfume,  
The oil through all his raiment spread,  
And pleasure fill'd the room.

## IV.

Thus on the heavenly hills  
The saints are blest above,  
Where joy like morning dew distils,  
And all the air is love.

## XXVIII:

*The blessedness of Gospel-times.*

## I.

**H**OW beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill,  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!

## II.

How charming is their voice,  
How sweet the tidings are,  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour king,  
"He reigns and triumphs here."

## III.

How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,

Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found !

## IV.

How blessed are our eyes  
That see this heav'nly light !  
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
But dy'd without the fight.

## V.

The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And desarts learn the joy.

## VI.

The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad ;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

## XXIX.

*The frailty and shortness of life.*

## I.

**L**ORD, what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame ?  
Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,  
That scarce deserves the name !

## II.

Alas, the brittle clay  
That built our body first !

And

And ev'ry month and ev'ry day  
 'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

## III.

Our moments fly apace,  
 Nor will our minutes stay;  
 Just like a flood our hasty days  
 Are sweeping us away.

## IV.

Well, if our days must fly,  
 We'll keep their end in sight,  
 We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
 And let them speed their flight.

## V.

They'll waft us sooner o'er  
 This life's tempestuous sea;  
 Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore  
 Of blest eternity.

## PARTICULAR METRES.

## XXX.

*God our Preserver.*

## I.

**U**PWARD I lift my eyes,  
 From God is all my aid;  
 The God that built the skies,  
 And earth and nature made;

God

God is the tow'r  
To which I fly;  
His grace is nigh  
In ev'ry hour.

## II.

My feet shall never slide,  
And fall in fatal snares,  
Since God my guard and guide:  
Defends me from my fears,  
Those wakeful eyes  
That never sleep  
Shall Isra'l keep  
When dangers rise..

## III.

No burning heats by day,  
Nor blasts of ev'ning air  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there:  
Thou art my sun,  
And thou my shade,  
To guard my head  
By night or noon..

## IV.

Hast thou not giv'n thy word  
To save my soul from death;  
And I can trust my Lord  
To keep my mortal breath:

I'll

I'll go and come  
Nor fear to die,  
Till from on high  
Thou call me home.

## XXXI.

*Longing for God.*

I.

**O** GOD, my gracious God, to thee  
My morning pray'rs shall off'red be;  
For me thy thirsty soul does pant;  
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,  
Within this dry and barren place,  
Where I refreshing waters want.

II.

O! to my longing eyes once more,  
That view of glorious pow'r restore,  
Which thy majestic house displays:  
Because to me thy wond'rous love  
Than life itself does dearer prove,  
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

III.

My life, while I that life enjoy,  
In blessing God I will employ,  
With lifted hands adore his name:  
My soul's content shall be as great,  
As theirs who choicest dainties eat,  
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

IV.



## IV.

When I lie down, sweet sleep to find,  
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,  
 And when I wake in dead of night :  
 Because thou still dost succour bring,  
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing,  
 I rest with safety and delight.

## XXXII.

*Rejoicing in God.*

## I.

**O** Praise ye the Lord,  
 Prepare your glad voice,  
 His praise in the great  
 Assembly to sing.  
 In our great Creator,  
 Let Isra'l rejoice,  
 And children of Zion  
 Be glad in their King.

## II.

Let them his great name  
 Extol in the dance ;  
 With timbrel and harp  
 His praises express ;  
 Who always takes pleasure  
 His saints to advance,  
 And with his salvation  
 The humble to bless.

## DOXOLOGIES.

*Long Metre.*

**P**Raise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below,  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and holy Ghost.

*Common Metre.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

*Short Metre.*

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit glory be;  
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so  
To all eternity.

*Particular Metre.*

To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, ever blest'd,  
Eternal three in one,  
All worship be address'd;  
As heretofore  
It was, is now,  
And shall be so  
For evermore.

CHANTS.

## C H A N T S.

**O** Come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving: and shew ourselves glad in him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God: and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are all the corners of the earth: and the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it and his hands prepared the dry lands.


O come, let us worship, and fall down: and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

**O** Be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands: serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song.

Be ye sure that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and speak good of his name. For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting: and his truth endureth from generation to generation.

## F I N I S.

[ After the foregoing was struck off,  
it was thought proper to add the  
following :]

## XXXIII.

*Christ's Triumph.*

I.

**R**EJOICE, the Lord is King;  
Your Lord and King adore;  
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,  
And triumph evermore.  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.

II.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love:  
When he had purg'd our stains,  
He took his seat above.  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.

III.

His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heav'n!  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus giv'n.  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.

F

IV

## IV.

He all his foes shall quell,  
 Shall all our sins destroy,  
 And ev'ry bosom swell  
 With pure seraphic joy.  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
 Rejoice, again I say rejoice.

## V.

Rejoice in glorious hope,  
 Jesus the Judge shall come,  
 And take his servants up,  
 To their eternal home.  
 We soon shall hear th' arch angel's voice,  
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

## XXXIV.

*From the 136th of David.*

## I.

**T**O God, the Mighty Lord,  
 Your joyful thanks repeat:  
 To him due praise afford,  
 As good as he is great.

For God does prove  
 Our constant friend,  
 His boundless love  
 Shall never end.

## II.

To him whose wond'rous pow'r  
 All other Gods obey,

Whom

Whom earthly kings adore,  
This grateful homage pay.  
For God, &c.

## III.

By his Almighty hand  
Amazing works are wrought;  
The heav'ns by his command  
Were to perfection brought.  
For God, &c.

## IV.

He spread the ocean round  
About the spacious land;  
And made the rising ground  
Above the waters stand.  
For God, &c.

## V.

Thro' heav'n he did display  
His num'rous hosts of light;  
The sun to rule by day,  
The moon and stars by night.  
For God, &c.

## VI.

He does the food supply,  
On which all creatures live:  
To God who reigns on high  
Eternal praises give.  
For God will prove  
Our constant friend,

His boundless love  
Shall never end.

## XXXV.

*Praise to God for his goodness and truth.*

## I.

I'LL praise my maker with my breath ;  
And when my voice is lost in death  
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

## II.

Why should I make a man my trust ?  
Princes must die and turn to dust :  
Vain is the help of flesh and blood :  
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r  
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,  
Nor can they make their promise good.

## III.

Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Isra'l's God : he made the sky,  
And earth and seas with all their train :  
His truth forever stands secure ;  
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.

## IV.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;

He



He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,  
 He helps the stranger in distress,  
 'The widow and the fatherless,  
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

## V.

He loves his saints, he knows them well,  
 But turns the wicked down to hell:

Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:  
 Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age  
 In this exalted work engage;  
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

## IV.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
 And when my voice is lost in death  
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life and thought and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.

## XXXVI.

*From the 113th of David.*

## I.

**Y**E saints and servants of the Lord,  
 The triumphs of his name record:  
 His sacred 'name forever blest.  
 Where-e'er the circling sun displays  
 His rising beams, or setting rays,  
 Due praise to his great name address.

## II.

God thro' the world extends his sway:  
 The regions of eternal day  
 But shadows of his glory are.  
 To him whose majesty excels,  
 Who made the heav'n wherein he dwells,  
 Let no created power compare.

## XXXVII.

*Christ's Ascension.*

## I.

**H**AIL the day that sees him rise,  
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!  
 Christ a while to mortals giv'n,  
 Re-ascends his native heaven.  
 'There the pompous triumph waits:  
 " Lift your heads, eternal gates!  
 " Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
 " Take the King of glory in!

## II.

Him though highest heav'n receives,  
 Still he loves the earth he leaves;  
 Though returning to his throne,  
 Still he calls mankind his own:  
 Still for us he intercedes,  
 Prevalent his death he pleads;  
 Next himself prepares our place,  
 Harbinger of human race.

## III.

## III.

Master (may we ever say)  
 Taken from our head to-day;  
 See thy faithful servants see,  
 Ever gazing up to thee!  
 Grant, though parted from our sight,  
 High above yon azure height,  
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
 Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

## VI.

Ever upward let us move,  
 Wafted on the wings of love,  
 Looking, when our Lord shall come,  
 Longing, gasping after home;  
 There we shall with thee remain;  
 Part'ners of this endless reign;  
 There thy face unclouded see,  
 Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

## XXXVIII.

*Going to church.*

## I.

**H**OW pleas'd and blest was I,  
 To hear the people cry,  
 "Come, let us seek our God to day;"  
 Yes, with a chearful zeal  
 We haste to Zion's hill,  
 And there our vows and honours pay.

## II.

## II.

Zion thrice happy place  
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,  
And walls of strength embrace thee round:  
In thee our tribes appear  
To pray, and praise, and hear  
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

## III.

There David's greater Son  
Has fix'd his royal throne,  
He sits for grace and judgment there;  
He bids the saints be glad,  
He makes the sinner sad,  
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

## IV.

May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait  
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest;  
The man that seeks thy peace,  
And wishes thine increase,  
A thousand blessings on him rest!

## V.

My tongue repeats her vows.  
"Peace to this sacred house!"  
For there my friends and kindred dwell;  
And since my glorious God  
Makes thee his blest abode,  
My soul shall ever love thee well.

## XXXIX.

*The 96th of David.*

I.

**S**ING to the Lord a new made song;  
Let earth in one assembled throng,  
Her common patron's praise resound;  
Sing to the Lord and bless his name,  
From day to day his praise proclaim,  
Who us has with salvation crown'd.  
To heathen lands his fame rehearse,  
His wonders to the universe.

II.

He's great, and greatly to be prais'd;  
In majesty and glory rais'd  
Above all other deities;  
For pageantry and idols all  
Are they whom gods the heathen call;  
He only rules who made the skies.  
With majesty and honour crown'd,  
Beauty and strength his throne surround:

III.

Be therefore both to him restor'd,  
By you who have false gods ador'd,  
Ascribe due honour to his name;  
Peace-off'rings on his altar lay,  
Before his throne your homage pay,  
Which he, and he alone, can claim.  
To worship at his sacred court,  
Let all the trembling world resort.

IV.

## IV.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,  
 Whose pow'r the universe sustains,  
 And banish'd justice will restore:  
 Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,  
 And heav'nly mirth let earth express,  
 Its loud applause the ocean roar;  
 Its mute inhabitants rejoice,  
 And for his triumph find a voice.

## V.

For joy let fertile vallies sing,  
 The chearful groves their tribute bring;  
 The tuneful choir of birds awake,  
 The Lord's approach to celebrate,  
 Who now sets out with awful state,  
 His circuit through the earth to take.  
 From heav'n to judge the world he's come,  
 With justice to reward and doom.

## S H O R T M E T R E.

## XL.

## I.

**T**O blefs thy chosen race,  
 In mercy, Lord, incline;  
 And cause the brightness of thy face  
 On all thy saints to shine:

## II.

That so thy wond'rous way  
 May thro' the world be known;

Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,  
And thy salvation own.

## III.

Let diff'ring nations join  
To celebrate thy fame;  
Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
To praise thy glorious name.

## IV.

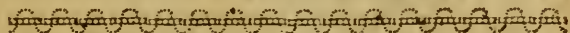
O let them shout and sing,  
Dissolv'd in pious mirth;  
For thou, the righteous judge and king,  
Shalt govern all the earth.

## C H A N T.

**G**LORY be to God on high, and in earth peace, good  
will towards men. We praise thee, we bless  
thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks  
to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly  
king, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son Jesus Christ; O Lord  
God, Lamb of God, who hast taken away the sins of  
the world, and now sittest at the right hand of God  
the Father, have mercy upon us.

For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord;  
thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most  
high in the glory of God the Father. *Amen.*

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entry.<sup>189</sup> Copies have survived of *Select Psalms and Hymns for the use of Mr. Adgate's Pupils: and proper for all singing-schools. Philadelphia: Printed at the Uranian Press, by Young and M'Culloch, Corner of Chestnut & Second Street. MDCCCLXXVII*. The forty hymns were chosen from Watts, Wesley, Steele and others, aiming at metrical variety. Adgate and his colleague, "Mr. Spicer", had also their own music books: the *Uranian Instructions* of 1787, *Rudiments of Music* (1788), *Selection of Sacred Harmony* (1788), *Philadelphia Harmony* (1788); all originally Adgate's, and sometimes, in later editions, carried forward by Spicer. *The Art of Singing*, and other works of Andrew Law, also played a considerable part in the improvement of Presbyterian singing.

